"She . . . bore it hurriedly away out of the crowd." p. 50.

OUR NEIGHBOUR, WIDOW YATES.

BY GRACE STEBBING.

CHAPTER IX.

ONE MISSING.

"Oh, mother, what a crowd!" exclaimed Freddy, as the Yateses came within sight of the town-hall.

"Yes, indeed! See how your father's thought on, laddie," said Mary, with even her pretty, small mouth threatening to stretch from ear to ear with her beaming delight in the manifestation.

After all, there was but the tiniest spice of vanity mingling with the abounding wifely love, else she might have allowed herself to feel hurt that even she, the very wife of

the hour's hero, had no more dignified post allowed her in the proceedings than to take up her place with her children, amid the rest of the thronging townspeople, outside or inside the town-hall, as there might happen to be room, or power to struggle through into a favourable position.

To the railway directors Sandy Yates was just "Yates, their railway porter," whose prompt presence of mind and subsequent self-forgetful resolution in endurance of intense pain, had prevented a harrowing and expensive railway accident; one, moreover, who had been noted for some time past by his superiors, as especially reliable and conscientious. One or two of the directors personally knew and liked Yates and his family, but the present matter was a business affair, and Yates, not his wife and bairns, was the pivot on which it turned.

And so it naturally came to pass that Mary had no better chance, in fact, of witnessing the presentation than Sarah Stokes, who, dirty and untidy still, as she was earlier in the day, now pushed and elbowed her way through the crowd, as close after Mary and her children as she could without drawing their attention to herself.

Mary, with the baby held well up in her arms, and Effie clinging tightly to her dress, moved slowly on after Freddy, who had constituted himself the advanced guard to make a passage for the others. Molly and Charlie brought up the rear, hand in hand.

Upon these two the navvy's wife fixed her gaze, with a dawning light of evil determination growing rapidly in her eyes. Opportunity all too quickly favoured her desires.

Although the body of railway directors, as a body, did not recognise their railway porter's family as having any special interest in their present testimony of regard to him, the assembled crowd took a different view of the subject. Mary had not advanced far into the throng before one of her husband's comrades caught sight of her.

"Hullo!" he shouted over the heads of all the people, "hullo, friends, here's old Sandy's wife. Let's give her three cheers for her husband, and then pass her through to the front, that she may see her old man get his clap on the back."

"Right you are," shouted dozens of throats back. "That's the ticket. Here goes!"

And forthwith a most good-natured, out-of-time, uproarious first hurrah uprose, arousing Mary Yates's laughter and blushes, but startling gentle little Charlie so much that he put up a hurried, frightened petition to his sister—

"Let Charlie go to mummum, Molly."

"Yes, dear," said Molly, half abstractedly, and almost unconsciously releasing the small, trembling, struggling fingers.

Poor, loving, young sister, she was herself off her head, as her neighbours would have put it, with excitement for the minute. As soon as she felt able to think at all sensibly again, it was to decide that she was rather glad that Charlie had gone to mother, now that she had got separated from the rest of the family.

Indeed, thus separated, Molly herself felt a trifle forlorn just then, for the friendly crowds that had, with more good-will than gentleness, pushed Mary on through their midst, up to the hall, had closed up behind her too eagerly and noisily to heed a little girl's efforts to keep her place amongst them.

She was half-stifled down there, packed tight in amidst a throng of folks ever so much taller than herself; and as for sight or hearing of the presentation-affair, of course she got neither. She had not even had time to see what sort of a hand it was that clutched at Charlie's, before the swaying crowds had shut him away from her view. No time to doubt that it was mother's.

Above the hubbub of the crowd, the din of the repeated hurrahs, it would have been impossible for even expectant ears to catch the sound of a startled baby's cry. Besides, there were numbers of little children in and out of their mothers' arms, around the doors of the town-hall, in every condition of nervous or fractious terror, at the crushing and turmoil. One wail more or less was not likely to be heeded by any one.

Neither was there any attention to spare for the very common, everyday sight of a dirty, draggletailed-looking woman with a little child, the two having a very short struggle together, which resulted in the woman's victory, of course, as she snatched up the little rebel roughly, wrapped it up tightly in her shawl, and bore it hurriedly away out of the crowd.

There was no one to stop her, no one to suspect her of wrong-doing or to say her nay. A silver watch was then being handed to Yates. There was no one by to wonder, or surmise, or ask questions, when Sarah Stokes at length locked the outer door of her own ill-kept home and unfolded from her shawl a golden-haired, half-stifled child.

Jim Stokes was absent from Peterson, engaged on work more than a hundred miles away, and not likely to be back for many weeks to come. Josh was out in the back-alley gambling for farthings and cigar-ends gathered up in the streets.

Poor, miserable Sarah Stokes! She was more deeply to be pitied than the little child, with its sweet face so deathly white with faintness and absorbing terror, although she had it "all her own way," although circumstances thus lent themselves to the furtherance of her hard-hearted cruelty.

"There, mewl away, you little brat, you, till you're tired; then p'raps ye'll have had enough of it," she said at last, as she pushed the new inmate of her home before her into the innermost room of the four, and, having locked it in there, she returned to the outer room once more, with the key hidden in her pocket, unfastened the entrance-door, that she might not have to disturb herself to let Josh in, and then sat down to enjoy her meditations over a tumbler of gin.

Meantime, there is the crowd still around the town-hall, and in the town-hall, to do honour to Sandy, the railway porter. Scarcely a creature in that crowd was not thinking just then that it would be very pleasant to be able to change into Yates. Long before that time next day, it seemed to Yates himself that no creature in the world could be quite so miserable and unenviable.

"Ah! Mrs. Yates, ma'am, then, it's yourself that must be the proud and happy woman the day," said a poor Irish fruitseller, to whom Sandy and his wife had shown little acts of kindness from time to time. Mary turned to her now with a beaming countenance.

"Thank you, Norah. I do hope I don't feel a wrong pride, but I confess that I do feel happier than I have ever felt in my life before. There! Only listen to that. Ain't those words enough to make any wife's heart glow with gladness!"

The Chairman of the Committee of Directors was reading out the letter of thanks and high commendation, addressed by them to Yates, Yates standing before him the while, looking the very image of a naughty schoolboy, whose exceptional bad deeds had called down upon him the dis-

grace of being thus compelled to have his threatened punishment proclaimed publicly to his comrades.

Some thought of this nature evidently crossed the mind of the letter-reader, for, as he came to its concluding words, he raised his eyes, with a good-humoured smile, to the sea of faces before him, and, with a somewhat louder tone, said—

"My good friends, it may have seemed unnecessary to some of you that we should have gone through the ceremony of reading out a letter to Yates, which we mean now to give into his own possession, so that he can read it as often as he pleases. But you see, our friend Yates here adds to his many other virtues such a superabundant amount of meekness and modesty, that there seemed very small likelihood of his gratifying you with a sight of the pretty things said of him——"

"Aye, aye, sir!" "Right you are!" "That's old Sandy!" called half-a-dozen laughing voices, and the speaker acknowledged the interruption with a laughing—

"Thank you, my friends, for your thorough-going agreement with me. But to continue my explanation. Your neighbour Yates's retiring modesty being an acknowledged fact, some of our number, who have not yet set up for the same virtue, began to be afraid that our gracefully worded, elegantly expressed composition might never get the chance of receiving your approval unless—"

"Unless you read it to us yourselves," once again shouted in interruption a number of laughing voices.

"Just so," was the smiling reply, and a voice from the crowd round the door called out—

"For the same reason, han't the things ye've give him best be handed about to be looked at, before he stows um away, or his wife, belike, locks of um up away from th' owner, as well as us, with th' old love-letters?"

There was a few minutes' pause, as well as a round of laughter for Mary Yates, following upon this proposition. The chairman turned to his companions upon the platform, and had a few words of consultation with them; they, in turn, had a muttered consultation with Yates, then a further short one with the chairman, and, as a result, Sandy Yates had the relief of disburdening his hands, for a while, of some small treasures which had appeared to stiffen them with fatigue more than a heavy trunk would have done.

One of the members of the committee arranged the display of gifts at the edge of the platform, and then the gathered multitude filed round the hall to see them.

"Here, Mary Yates, 'tis but fair as you should get an early sight of your own man's goods," said a sympathetic neighbour, "so just hand me over the children while you go up yonder."

"But baby's heavy, and Effie do drag so," answered Mary, divided between longing to accept the considerate offer and unwillingness to impose upon kindness.

However, the other woman was not of the number of those who make an offer half-heartedly. Seeing, by her companion's face, that it was a welcome one, she resolutely drew the baby from its mother's arm into her own, clasped Effie's little hand with a reassuring pressure, and said—

"Drag, does she, pretty lamb? I daresay she's like me, a bit tired of all this standing about, so I'll e'en take them off home with me right away, and when you get back you can just run in and fetch them."

Mary nodded. "And hearty thanks to you, I'm sure. You are always ready to do a neighbourly act."

"And yourself the same," was the friendly reply, as the one woman worked her way out of the throng with the little ones, and the other made her way more deeply into it, to take a first glance at the silver watch and dozen silver teaspoons given by the townspeople of Peterson to her husband, and the five crisp Bank of England five-pound notes and clerkly inscribed testimonial letter presented to him by the railway company, together with a free family pass for any and all their lines of rail.

"He'd as soon be without that there last article, though, as with it, I'm thinking, specially after this accident affair," muttered a signalman, with a smile, to a chum.

"Aye," replied the other. "He never has been one to hold with his folks running about very much, and certainly, they look happy enough without. I only wish my wife, with all her pleasuring seemed even by the half as contented as Mary Ya——"

A quick touch of the elbow from his companion checked him as Mary herself passed close by. But she was too intent at that moment to heed the compliment.

The edge of the platform, with its bright little treasures, had just come within her view, and all her thoughts were absorbed. Freddy kept his place close beside her, and as it happened, the movements hither and thither, backwards and forwards, of the restless multitude had at length worked patient little Molly also to the same spot.

Molly had as little liking for tumult and great gatherings as her father, and also, like her father, her affections were chiefly centred in her family, so that the attractions of the platform were lost sight of instantly when her eyes had once more the comfort of falling upon her mother and brother.

One more slight effort, and she was close enough to her mother to ask the first question that rose to her lips—

"Why, mother dear, where is——" A moment's pause of extra surprise, ere she changed her question to the more comprehensive one—"Where are the children, mother, dear?"

"Oh, is that you, Molly?" was the quick answer. "I was only now wishing you were at hand. Take the key, dear child, and run home, and set the kettle on. I expect father will be ready to come with me almost directly, now. Mrs. Fielder has taken the little ones in next door. Fetch them home. Father will like to find you all together, waiting for him."

CHAPTER X.

WHERE IS KING CHARLIE?

"FATHER will like to find you all together, waiting for him," Mary Yates had said, as the wind-up to the two or three simple orders with which she had despatched Molly home, in advance, to put the finishing touch to the preparations that were to mark the holiday.

And these concluding words Molly repeated to herself in a somewhat dissatisfied tone, as she stood by the kitchen hearth, looking from the baby, crowing in the cradle where she had just laid him, to Effie, standing at the end of the table, regarding its goodly array with an admiring gaze that bordered upon veneration.

"Father *would* like to find us all together, I am sure, when he gets in," reiterated Molly, in low tones, speaking to herself, and with a strong emphasis on the "would."

Effie's ears catching the remark, with the proverbial sharpness of "little pitchers," she turned her eyes gravely from the tea table for a moment, to add her ideas upon the subject.

"Yes, course father would, and mother would, too—'specially when it's Charlie."

Although her younger sister's speech reads somewhat

enigmatically, its meaning was plain enough to Molly, and she retorted, with a touch of cross-tiredness—

"Well then, why couldn't mother think to tell me where to go to fetch him when she told me where you two were?"

But even as she uttered the words, the worried expression cleared like a summer mist from the white brow. She had caught the sound of her father's step, and, with her face rosy with welcoming smiles, she flew across the kitchen as he entered the cottage door.

"Father, dear father!" she exclaimed, joyously, "I am so glad you are home. I began to be afraid those gentlemen and people would keep you so long, that all our nice afternoon would get swallowed up."

Molly twined both her arms round one of her father's as she spoke, adding, "But come in now, father, do, and rest."

Yates laughed, stooping to kiss the upturned face as he did so.

"Come in, indeed, little woman! Why, that is what I wish to do; but as you persist in standing between me and the doorway, do you mean me to get into the kitchen by jumping over your head?"

"Oh! I wish you would!" cried Effie, eagerly. "That would look funny. I would like to see you."

"I daresay! What next, you little monkey, I should like to know? And pray, are you one of a new order of policemen, got up especially to guard tea-tables?"

Sandy laughed again, as he went over to the crowing baby, and lifted him in his arms, whereupon the little fellow crowed and kicked in a state of more vigorous delight than ever. The father laughed for company; partly also for his own light-heartedness. The dreaded ordeal was over now, and Sandy had not found it so terrible altogether as he had expected; and besides, as he murmured gratefully—

"Every one has been so very kind. Thank God for His loving mercy."

Little dreamt the poor fellow of the heavy trial that was awaiting his faith in God's love. Its first shadow was even now on the very threshold.

"Where's mother, father dear? Could you not find each other at the last?" asked Molly. "She said she should wait and bring you back."

"And so she did," answered Yates. "Your mother has only stepped in next door to show my presents a minute, because she says Mrs. Fielder was good enough to bring away baby and tired Effie, before she could get round to see them. She will be in directly, and Freddy with her. But wherever is our king Charlie all this time?"

"That is the very thing I want to know, father. Mother never thought to tell me he was gone off with some one else, or I would have fetched him home, too."

"Aye, little woman, I wish ye could have done it," was the reply. "We do want our little king Charlie, don't we, Bab toddlecums? Ye haven't put his nose out o' joint, yet, old chap, and I don't think you ever will, for all such a good, jolly little chap as ye are, yourself."

"Yes, baby really is a very good baby, is he not, father?" assented Molly, bestowing a kiss upon the fat, pink cheek. "But then, of course, nothing could ever come up to Charlie, because he's always been gooder nor good."

The praise was thoroughly deserved in its human sense. As far as mortal eyes could see, the child was without fault. And yet, it was this docile little one that was to be allowed, in the mysterious ways of an all-wise Providence, to endure as terrible an amount of suffering as it was possible for the feeble frame and brain to bear without destruction.

(To be continued.)

ON GARDENING AS A FORM OF EXERCISE.

BY MRS. ATKINS, M.D.

"God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures."—*Bacon.*

SPRING is coming, there is not a doubt about it! The big, sticky blobs of the horse-chestnut know it quite well, for the large green leaves inside which have been so snugly wrapped up all the winter are quivering with impatience to get out. The lilac buds know it, for they are swelling with the rising sap, and their colour is becoming more vivid, and three little daffodils just issuing from the ground in a sheltered nook of my garden whisper as I bend over them, "Spring is coming!"

The chirp of the birds, too, has quite a different sound to what it had a fortnight ago, and the rascally old blackbird is beginning to run about in his impertinent summer-like way, which differs altogether from his humble crumb-begging manner when the snow was on the ground.

On our grand 200-year-old elm-tree a blush is to be seen, where its branches face the south, telling of the reddish flowers which will soon appear, and make the old tree glow when the setting sun rests upon it. I wonder, by the by, how many people know that the elm has flowers before it has a leaf?

Yes, spring is coming, so what is the use of saying we shall have more cold, perhaps more frost, certainly more east winds? Of course we shall! but all the same spring is coming, and it is high time to be looking after the garden, ordering seeds, digging the last piece of vacant ground, pruning the last currant bushes, etc.

The old French proverb says, "Et l'on revient toujours à ses premiers amours," and truly it holds good with me, for just as years ago, more years than I care to remember, when I was a very little Tot, gardening was my love, my first love, so now in my middle age, after trying many other and varied pleasures, I have come back to gardening with all the old zest, and something else added to it which I suppose experience has taught me—contentment. Alas! it is not now "baby's garden," the chief delight of which lay in digging up in the afternoon the seeds sown in the morning on the chance of their having sprouted. Now, one has to wait at least a week before the digging can be justified to one's own conscience, and even then the deed must be done secretly, for fear of unjust ridicule and obloquy.

The very pertinent (though I should call it impertinent) question is often asked, "Does gardening pay?" C. D. Warner, the author of "My Summer in a Garden," a book strongly to be recommended to all lovers of true fun (and by fun I do not mean "screamers," but the laughter which bubbles up to your lips in a perfectly irresistible manner every time you open the book), very appositely replies to the question, Does gardening pay? by another question, Does a sunset pay?

In either case, if we are to consider "pay" in the form of actual coin of the realm, the answer will in most cases be in the negative. But if pay may be reckoned in the form of increased pleasure in, and zest for life, in additional happiness and improved health, then indeed we may say with assurance that gardening *does* pay. Indirectly, too, if gardening does not earn money, it saves it, for, where gardening is the order of the day amongst the women of the household, doctors' bills will be few and far between.

I wish I could indoctrinate every woman I know with my own and Dudley Warner's love for gardening. A most unselfish wish on my part, for its fulfilment would not only send up the price of land considerably, but would materially diminish the number of my patients.

The latter fact is indubitable; for half the women suffering from slight ailments who come to us for advice are thus suffering because they disregard one of the primary laws of health—that relating to exercise. Let not my readers imagine I am going to say that unless they take a walk every day they cannot keep in good health, for I am going to say nothing of the kind; firstly, because I think that for all the good a dreary constitutional does it might as well be let alone; and secondly, because I might as well preach to a girl of the middle class against tight lacing and crinolettes as recommend a walk every day for the preservation of health.

No! I am simply going to place before them in plain language, based upon physiological facts, the reasons why exercise is absolutely essential to health, and we will then discuss gardening as a form of exercise, for ourselves and our daughters, from a physical, moral, and mental point of view.

My first physiological fact is that all human beings ought in the twenty-four hours to excrete a certain amount of effete matter which, if not excreted, is absorbed into the blood, circulates through the whole body, and acts as a poison on every organ with which it comes into contact.

This effete matter is excreted by the bowels, by the skin, by the lungs, and by the kidneys.

As regards the bowels, we all know by experience that a sedentary life produces constipation, and thus one outlet for the effete matter is either lost for a time, or its efficiency greatly impaired. Our second organ of excretion, the skin, acts very inefficiently, as is well known, when we are not taking exercise. But a fact not so generally known is that the sweat glands, which should be kept in action, amount to seven millions in the human body—that the length of the tubes attached to the glands would, if united together, extend for twenty-eight miles, and that the difference in the quantity of excretion during rest and exercise is as two and a half pounds to forty-two pounds. Small wonder if we suffer when such an amount of effete matter is retained in the system, more especially as the lungs also, when we are at rest, are only excreting half as much as they do when we are taking exercise. Thus only the kidneys are left to work off the remaining effete substances. But a great many of these cannot possibly be excreted through the kidneys, and if the latter have, for any length of time, to perform the work of skin and lungs, as well as their own, disease of the kidneys will almost certainly supervene.

Now what are the consequences of the retention in the system of all this effete matter? The consequences are legion; but amongst them may be mentioned headache, lassitude, want of appetite, disturbed sleep, irritability, and a general condition which has been well described as "la petite santé des dames." Women thus suffering do not live, they merely exist. As a rule they feel no pleasure in the fact of their existence, neither does this fact conduce to the happiness of others—nay, more! it often materially diminishes their sum total of happiness, either passively, by the woman's constant want of health, or actively, by her ill-temper.

My second physiological fact, generally known and as generally ignored, is that all human beings, even women, possess muscles. These muscles, if not exercised, gradually diminish in size and strength, finally becoming atrophied, and this loss of strength effectually prevents the muscles from fulfilling their functions. Thus, for example, the muscles of the back, when they become weakened, can no longer support the spine in its upright condition as they would in health, and the consequence is curvature of the spine in the young—always leading to disfigurement, sometimes to disease—pain in the back in the middle-aged, leading to ill-health and depression.

How many young girls are brought to us suffering from weak spines, pain in the back, or "shoulders growing out," followed in due course, if medical orders are not obeyed, by anæmia, chlorosis, and hysteria, the sure precursors of months, if not years, of invalidism.

Have my readers ever sought for an explanation of the fact, which they must be cognisant of, that girls suffer so much more frequently than boys from curved and even diseased spine? A great many people take it, I know, to be a portion of the primeval curse entailed specially upon women, and this explanation seems to have as soothing an effect upon them as the blessed word "Mesopotamia" upon

the old woman. But are we always to remain satisfied with such an explanation? Are we always to go on soothing our conscience with a theory unjustified by any law of God or man?

Here we have two human beings, a boy and a girl, with exactly the same number of muscles in their backs. The first will, in all probability, grow up straight and strong, without ever being aware that he has a back. The second will almost certainly have some amount of curvature of the spine, and backache will probably be her portion through life. Now why should this be? Why should we, generation after generation, condemn our girls to semi-invalidism just because we will not take the trouble—for it resolves itself into that—to make them well and strong?

Our boys have cricket, football, running, swimming, drilling, fencing, which bring into play every muscle of the body; our girls have to be content with a dismal constitutional, or, if they are highly favoured, with gymnastics once or twice a week in the vitiated atmosphere of a gymnasium, for vitiated it must be, however well ventilated, as compared with the air of the cricket-field or river.

In the gymnasium they will acquire, at the best, some physical dexterity—an excellent thing, but not the chief thing to be aimed at; and there also the desire for applause will occasionally cause over-exertion of certain muscles in delicate girls, leading to most untoward results.

The gymnasium, well managed, and by women, with the training properly apportioned, under medical surveillance, to the strength of the pupils, is undoubtedly better than nothing, but it will never take the place of wholesome out-door exercise, which brings into play all the muscles of the body simultaneously, whilst filling the lungs with fresh air, and opening out the mind to all the loveliness of nature.

Women nearly always say to me, when I urge these arguments upon them, "Yes; all this is quite true, but it is so difficult to obtain exercise for girls." Difficult! of course it is difficult; but a mother's life is all difficulty, from beginning to end, and if a woman has undertaken such responsibilities she is bound to do her utmost to fulfil her obligations, and certainly one of the first of these is to see that her daughter's physique is properly developed, both for her sake and for that of the children she may bring into the world.

That their physique cannot be properly developed or maintained in a healthy condition without exercise is absolutely proved, even by the few physiological data I have given.

The true mother will, therefore, strain every nerve to obtain such a necessity for her daughters, and I believe that, by advocating and practising gardening, she will, to a great extent, solve the problem which appears to her so difficult.

To most people gardening is attainable; many of us live in the country, and naturally we have the best of it, our garden probably being large, possibly old, and in this latter case opening out infinite possibilities.

But those who live in the suburbs, and even in the town, have probably some bit of ground attached to their house, from which both pleasure and exercise can be obtained.

Given, then, the smallest bit of ground, and exercise enough can be found, at any rate for one person; and with every dig of the spade the blood will circulate more rapidly, rousing the sluggish excretory organs to perform their work; with every movement of arm or leg the muscles will be strengthened—with every deep breath effete matter will flee away, vanquished.

Then the pleasure one extracts from the garden! How one looks forward to each spring as it comes round, that season being the busiest and pleasantest to the gardener; the days are not too hot, they are frequently not too cold, and the work we are now doing will bring its full fruition in the fast-approaching summer.

Spring is the time for looking over the borders, digging up finally before sowing the seeds, watching the old friends coming up, uncovering a little the delicate plants which have been hidden from the frost by manure and straw. Then there is the final pruning of currant and gooseberry trees, the nailing of fruit trees to the wall, the planning where the new seeds, both of flowers and vegetables, are to be sown.

Deep in the ground we bury the fork, turning up the sweet-smelling earth, admiring how Nature has been working for us with her last month's frost, which has made the earth so light and friable that the clods, heavy and pasty in the autumn, now break up at a touch. Then there are all the *débris* from our dear and venerable elm to be picked up from the lawn; for the first heavy fall of snow, which began on Boxing Day, broke off a large branch, which came down with a thud in the middle of the night, burying itself two feet deep in the lawn, and smashing the twigs in its fall. All the little ones can help here with their small fingers, whilst the bigger ones can carry away the well-filled baskets to the kitchen, and the still bigger ones can sweep the lawn and saw off the smaller branches.

When the longer days and the brighter mornings of real spring come, and "the early dawn shines forth—the rosy-fingered," then tumble out of bed—your cold bath will wake you—and get an hour's work before breakfast, whilst the rest of the family are asleep. No one can imagine, who has not tried it, how self-complacent such an effort will make one feel all day; in fact, the greatest care must be exercised not to show oneself aggressively virtuous! But the real pleasure lies in the sweet spring morning, so fresh and bright, the pure air uncontaminated by human exhalations, the chirping of the birds, so mysterious and different from what it is at midday, the feeling that this loveliness is yours and yours alone for the time being—all this fills you with a sense of gladness, of joy in the mere fact of existence, which no other period of the twenty-four hours will give you.

Then, when summer comes, dear, delightful, glorious summer, what joy in the garden, not only in watching and caring for the flowers, of which one has sown the seeds oneself, and the delight in such seeds is wonderfully greater than that in another person's seeds—but in keeping everything trim, more especially the lawn.

Ah, the lawn! what a boon it is, what a panancea for many evils when one has to mow it oneself. I have never known a fit of ill-temper resist the movement of the mowing-machine. Say that things have gone generally wrong in the house—the cook is out of temper, the children are troublesome, money is wanted for many things, and is not forthcoming—out with the mowing-machine or the roller, and by the time your skin is acting freely, life puts on quite another aspect, and the brain, revivified by fresh, pure blood, shows you the bright instead of the dark side of things. To many there is also the comforting feeling that so much is saved in gardener's labour; the unfortunate ones who are rich lose this additional satisfaction, which is one of the many advantages we poor people possess over them, but even they can have the pleasure of leaving their ill-temper on the grass.

(To be continued.)

NEVER think that you can make yourself great by making another less.—*Rev. J. Vaughan.*

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

SOMETIMES I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day;
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft when I am ready to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With the self-same round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine:
"You are living, toiling for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine.

"You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk;
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet."

NEEDLEWORK.

BY THE EDITOR.

Stocking Mending.

THERE is one piece of work that is rarely absent from the mother's work-basket, and that is a pair of socks or stockings wanting mending. It really is quite surprising to see the various ways in which the little ones manage to tear them, and if they chance to fall down and cut the knee of the stocking, there is not only a hole, but the stitches at once run away from it into lengthy "Jacob's ladders." We have found it a good plan to line the knees of children's stockings with chamois leather, which need not be removed when they are washed. This certainly saves the stockings very much, but in spite of every precaution holes *will* come, and it is well to consider how they can be most easily repaired; for time is precious to every one, especially to mothers.

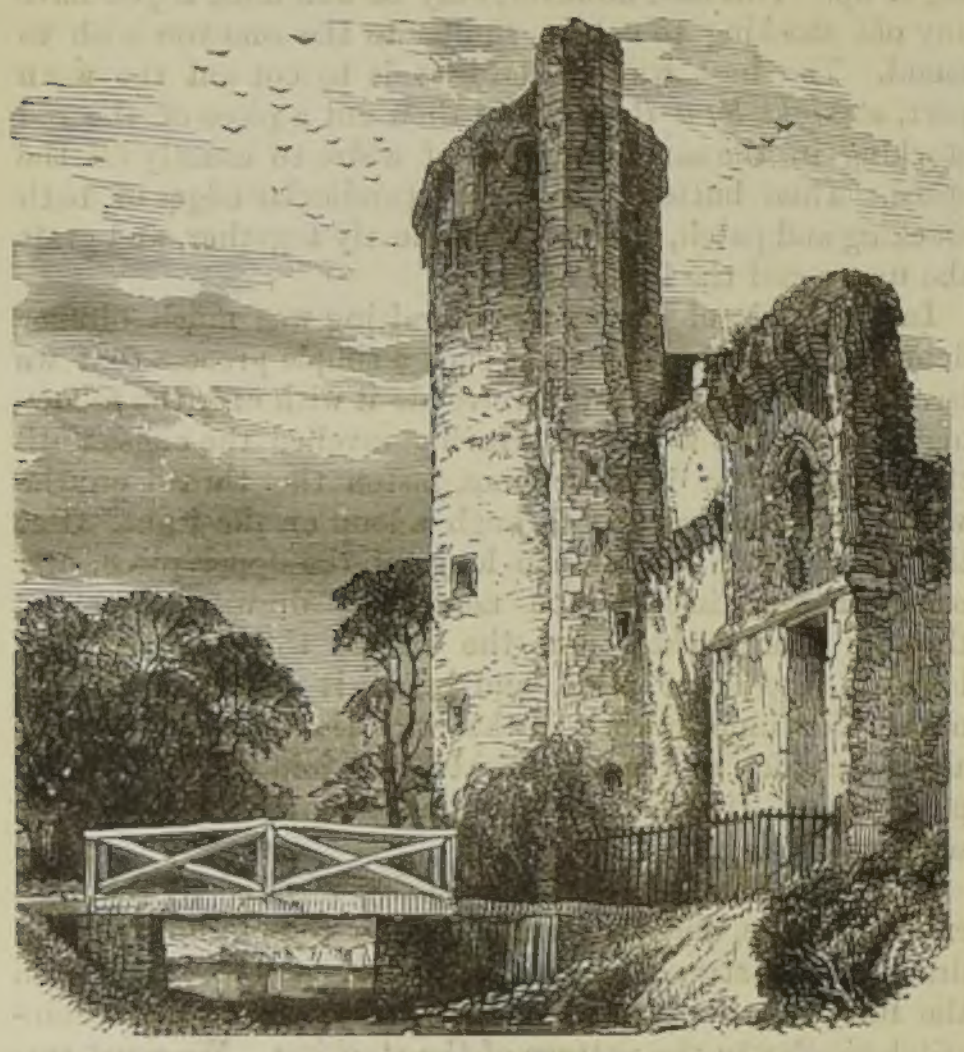
When a hole is so large that it seems almost impossible to draw it neatly together, patching is the neatest way of filling it up. This can, however, only be well done if you have any old stocking to cut up, similar to the one you wish to mend. The best way of doing it is to cut out the worn part, *straight by a thread*, and then cut a piece of the old stocking in the same way, and of a size to exactly fill the space. Then button-hole the perpendicular edges of both stocking and patch, and sew them neatly together, and graft the upper and the lower edges.

In the days of *our* mothers, grafting was much oftener done than it is now, but it is such a simple process that we have known a little girl of twelve do it with only the following directions to work by. Having ravelled the edges until the loops appear in clear lines, fasten the thread on the wrong side, and bring it through a loop on the right. Put the needle into one of the loops of the upper piece, and bring it out through the next, and draw the thread through them: then pass the needle through the first loop on the lower piece, and bring it out through the next. Continue to work in this way through two loops on alternate sides, and when finished, the join will scarcely be perceptible. If this cannot be done, then the loops must be sewn neatly together.

The "Jacob's ladders" are usually mended by taking a crochet-needle, and (beginning at the top of the stocking) drawing one strand of wool into the first loop, and then the next into that, until, at last, it forms a sort of chain-stitch similar to the pattern of the stocking. We must say, however, that we always find it easier to do it with two knitting-needles.

We will say nothing about darning in this paper, but suppose that the foot of the stocking is so worn that it is past mending. We must then cut the upper part from the sole of the foot, allowing a quarter of an inch for turning in. Then lay the old sole of the stocking on a piece of paper, and mark it out carefully with a piece of chalk or lead-pencil; lay this on the piece of stocking that you are going to use for the new sole, and cut it all round half-an-inch larger than the pattern; tack this piece on to the stocking, and stitch neatly all round, a quarter of an inch from the edge on the wrong side. To join the sole and the heel together, the ravelled out loops of the sole are stitched on the quarter of an inch turning of the heel, and the turnings are kept in place all round by herring-bone stitch, done in fine cotton. In Germany they sell feet of stockings that can be grafted on to the legs, but as yet, we believe they cannot be got in England.

If knitted stockings are worn, it is very easy to re-heel them. It is generally commenced where the stitches are divided on two needles to form the heel. The stitches are ravelled out, and then picked up on fine needles, and what is known as manufacturer's heel will be found generally the most easy and correct way of knitting them. Work as many rows, alternately plain and purled (keeping always the seam-stitch in the middle), as you have stitches on your needle. When these are done, knit plain to within two of the seam-stitch; knit those two together by passing the needle down through the middle of both the stitches, and thus knitting them together. Then do the seam-stitch, and knit the next two stitches together; knit the rest of the row plain. Purl the next row, and repeat these two rows once more. In the following row knit *three* together, the middle one being the seam-stitch, and knit the rest of the row plain. You must now either cast off and sew the sides together, or graft the half of the stitches to the other half, so as to avoid the join.



CAISTER CASTLE.

SARAH MARTIN,

The Dressmaker and Prison Visitor of Yarmouth.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

Every one of us has probably been tempted at one time or another to say or think when asked to join in some good work, "If only I had more time or more money, I would take it up." It is good for us, therefore, to be reminded that neither leisure nor wealth are necessary to those whose hearts are fixed upon the earnest desire to leave this world a little better and a little happier than they found it.

This lesson was wonderfully taught by Sarah Martin, a poor dressmaker, who was born at Caister, near Great Yarmouth, in 1791. In her own locality she did as great a work in solving the problems of prison discipline, and how to improve the moral condition of prisoners, as Mrs. Fry was doing about the same time upon a larger scale in London. It is very extraordinary that this poor woman, who was almost entirely self-educated, and who was dependent on daily toil for daily bread, should have been able, through her own mother-wit and native goodness of heart, to see the evil and provide the same remedies for it as were in course of time provided throughout the land, as the result of study given to the subject, by statesmen, philosophers, and philanthropists.

When Sarah Martin first began to visit the prison at Great Yarmouth, there was no sort of provision for the moral or educational improvement of the prisoners. There was no chaplain, there were no religious services, there was no school, and there was no employment of any kind, except what Satan finds for idle hands to do. The quiet, little, gentle-voiced dressmaker changed all this.

She was first led to visit the prison, in 1819, through the compassionate horror which filled her when she heard of the committal to prison of a woman for brutally ill-treating her child. Without any introduction or recommendation from influential persons, she knocked timidly at the gate of the prison, and asked leave to see this woman. She had not told a single human creature of her intention, not even her grandmother, with whom she lived. She was fearful lest she should be overcome by the counsels of worldly wisdom that she had better mind her own business, that the woman's wickedness was no concern of hers, and so forth. Her first application at the gaol was unsuccessful; but she tried again, and the second time she was admitted without any question whatever. Once in the presence of the prisoner, the first inquiry by which she was met was a somewhat rough one as to the object of her visit. When the poor creature heard and felt all the deep compassion which had moved Sarah Martin to her side, she burst into tears, and with many expressions of contrition and gratitude besought her visitor to help her to be a better woman.

From the date of this visit, the best energies of Sarah Martin's life were devoted to improving the lot of the prisoners in Great Yarmouth Gaol. She did not—indeed, she could not—give up her dressmaking. She worked out at her customers' houses, earning about 1s. 3d. a day. Her first resolve was to give up always one day a week to her prison work, and as many other days as she could spare. She began teaching the prisoners to read and write; she also read to them, and told them stories. A deeply religious woman herself, it pained her that there were no services of any kind in the prison, and she prevailed upon the prisoners to gather together on Sunday mornings and read to one another. To encourage them in this she attended herself, not at first as the conductor of the service, but as a fellow-worshipper. This was very typical of her method and character. She was among them as one who served, not as one seeking power and authority. Another illustration of this sweet humility in her character may be given. She wished those of her pupils who could read to learn each day a few Bible texts; and she always learned some herself, and said them with the prisoners. Sometimes an objection was made. In her own words, "Many said at first, 'It would be of no use,' and my reply was, 'It is of use to me, and why should it not be so to you? You have not tried it, but I have.'" There was a simplicity in this, a complete absence of the "Depart from me, for I am holier than thou," which was irresistible, and always silenced excuse.

Soon after the commencement of the Sunday services in the prison, it was found necessary, through the difficulty of finding a reader, that Sarah Martin herself should conduct the service. At first she used to read a sermon from a book, but later she wrote her own sermons, and later still she was able to preach without writing beforehand. According to the testimony of Captain Williams, the Inspector of Prisons for the district, the whole service was in a high degree reverent and impressive. The prisoners listened with deep attention to the clear, melodious voice of their self-appointed pastor.

At no time did she seek to obtain from the governor of the prison any authority over the prisoners; that is, she never sought to control them against their will; authority over them she had, but it was the authority which proceeded from her own personal influence. The prisoners did what she wished, because they knew her devotion to them. Her hold over them is best proved by the fact that never, but once, did she meet from them with anything that could be called rudeness or insult.

Next to her care for godliness and education, her chief thoughts were given to provide employment for the prisoners, first for the women, and then for the men. A

gentleman gave her 10s., and in the same week another gave her £1. Her gratitude for the possession of this small capital is touching to read of. She expended it in the purchase of materials for baby-clothes, and borrowing patterns, she set the women to work upon making little shifts and wrappers. The garments, when completed, were sold for the benefit of the women who had made them. Her capital grew from thirty shillings to seven guineas, and in all more than £400 worth of clothing, made in this way, was sold. The advantages were twofold. First, the women were employed and taught to sew, and secondly, each woman was enabled to earn a small sum, which was saved for her till the time of her release from prison. This money was frequently the means of giving the discharged

SARAH MARTIN IN YARMOUTH PRISON.

prisoner a chance of starting a new life and gaining an honest livelihood.

Sarah Martin gave particular attention to this very important branch of her work. A man or a woman just out of prison, branded with all the stigma and disgrace of the gaol, is too often almost forced back into crime as the only means of livelihood. Endless were the devices and schemes which Sarah Martin employed to prevent this. She would seek out respectable lodgings for the prisoners on their discharge; she would see their former employers and entreat that another chance might be given; her note-books and diaries are filled with items of her own personal expenditure in setting up her poor clients with the small stock-in-trade or the tools necessary to start some simple business on their own account.

After many years of patient and devoted work she was well known throughout the whole town and neighbourhood, and was no longer entirely dependent on her own slender earnings. Her grandmother died in 1826, and she then inherited a small income of about £12 a year. She removed into Yarmouth, and hired two rooms in a poor part of the town. Shortly after this she entirely gave up working as a dressmaker. She could not, of course, live on the little annuity she inherited from her grandmother; this was not much more than enough to pay for her rooms. But she did not fear for herself. Her personal wants were of the simplest description, and she said herself that she had no care: "God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whatsoever is right, I will give you.'" It would, indeed, have been to the discredit of Yarmouth if such a woman had been suffered to be in want. Many gifts were sent to her, but she scrupulously devoted everything that reached her, to the prisoners, unless the donor expressly stated that it was not for her charities but for herself. About 1840, after twenty-one years' work in the prison and workhouse of the town, the corporation of Yarmouth urged her to accept a small salary from the borough funds. She at first refused, because it was painful to her that the prisoners should ever regard her in any other light than as their disinterested friend; she feared that if she accepted the money of the corporation she would be looked upon as merely one of the gaol functionaries, and that they would "rank her with the turnkeys and others who got their living by the duties which they discharged." It was urged upon her that this view was a mistaken one, and she was advised at least to accept a small salary as an experiment. She replied, "To try the experiment, which might injure the thing I live and breathe for, seems like applying a knife to your child's throat to know if it will cut. As for my circumstances, I have not a wish ungratified, and am more than content." The following year, however, it was evident that her health was giving way, and another attempt was made, which ended in the corporation voting her the small sum of £12 a year, not as a salary, but as a voluntary gift to one who had been of such inestimable service to the town. She did not live long after this. Her health gradually became feebler, but she continued her daily work at the gaol till 17th April, 1843. After that date she never again left her rooms, and after a few months of intense suffering, she died on the 15th October. When the nurse who was with her told her the end was near, she clasped her hands together and exclaimed, "Thank God, thank God." They were her last words. She was buried at Caister; the tombstone which marks her grave bears an inscription dictated by herself, giving simply her name and the dates of her birth and death, with a reference to the chapter of Corinthians which forms part of the Church of England Service for the Burial of the Dead. Well, indeed, is it near that grave, and full of the thoughts inspired by that life, for us to feel that "Death is swallowed up in victory."

The citizens of Yarmouth marked their gratitude and veneration for her by putting a stained glass window to her memory in St. Nicholas Church. Her name is reverently cherished in her native town. Dr. Stanley, who was Bishop of Norwich at the time of her death, gave expression to the general feeling when he said, "I would canonise Sarah Martin if I could!"

HOW TO FEED A FAMILY.—III.

BEFORE entering upon the directions for our next dinner, it will be well to make a suggestion as to economising fuel. Coke is very useful, because it is cheaper than coal, and makes a better fire for cooking, if properly managed. The usual mistake is to use it in too large lumps; it should be broken up small, and placed in a layer over a strong coal fire, half an hour before cooking begins.

We will now arrange our dinner, which shall consist of potato soup, stewed beef, and baked jam-roly.

Potato Soup.

Materials.—8 cold potatoes; 2 onions; chopped parsley, 1 tablespoonful; milk, 1 teacupful; flour, 1 tablespoonful; stock, 3 pints; salt and pepper to taste.

How to make it.—Cut the potatoes in bits, and crush them to a flour, on a board, with the bottom of a jam-pot. Put the stock into a saucepan, and, when hot, add the crushed potato, the onions, peeled and sliced, with a little salt. Boil for two hours, stirring occasionally. Half an hour before dinner pulp the soup through a colander or sieve, add the flour, evenly mixed with the milk, pepper, salt, while the soup is cool. Then bring it to the boil, and stir in the chopped parsley just before taking it off the fire. Serve with small dice of toast.

Stewed Beef.

Materials.—1 lb. leg of beef; 2 onions; 2 carrots; 2 turnips; fat, 2 ozs.; Yorkshire relish, 1 tablespoonful; pepper and salt; flour, 2 tablespoonfuls.

How to make it.—Wash, pare, and slice the carrots and turnips, and boil them for an hour in a quart of water with a little salt. Cut the meat into slices, and fry them slightly in the fat, then take them out with a fork, and lay them in a stew-pan. Now fry the onions, peeled and cut in rings; as soon as they are a little brown add the flour, and stir them well until quite brown. Then add the water from the vegetables, and fry it till you have a thick brown gravy. Add the vegetables to the meat in the stew-pan, pour the gravy and onions over them, and stew all together for three hours, being careful that they do not boil. Add pepper, salt, and Yorkshire relish before serving.

Stewing is one of the nicest and most thrifty ways of cooking. The secret of success in making a stew is to cook it a long time very slowly. Never forget that a stew *boiled* is a stew *spoiled*, for the meat hardens directly it boils, and separates from the gravy.

The best kind of stew-pan is made of tin, to go inside a large saucepan, leaving an inch or two of space for boiling water, between the two. It should have wire handles,

which fold down, so as to go inside the saucepan, and a cover. Anything cooked in such a pan cannot burn or boil, but is kept at exactly the right temperature for stewing, if the water between the two pans is kept boiling, and filled up (with hot water) often, as it quickly boils away.

Dumplings for the stew must be made shortly before dinner time, and boiled separately, as they need quick cooking.

Plain Dumplings.

Materials.—Flour, 1 teacupful; shred fat, 2 tablespoonfuls; salt and baking powder, each a small salt-spoonful.

How to make them.—Mix the flour, fat, salt, and baking-powder together thoroughly, add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll them, on a floured board, into small balls; drop these into a pan of boiling water fifteen minutes before dinner, take the dumplings out when they rise to the top of the water, and serve round the stew. (The cost of these is added to the pastry for the pudding, as the materials are similar.)

Shred fat makes brighter dumplings than if it is chopped, and when properly done, there are no lumps in anything made with this. Shredding is done in this way: Take a small sharp knife in your right hand, and a hard lump of fat in your left; pare this thinly, so that every shred curls up; it is then fit for use.

Baked Jam Roll.

Materials.—Flour, 3 teacupfuls; fat (shred), 1 teacupful; brown sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls; baking-powder, 1 teaspoonful; salt, 1 teaspoonful; jam, 1 teacupful.

How to make it.—Mix the flour, salt, baking-powder, shred fat, and one tablespoonful of sugar, together, dry. Then make them into a paste with a little water. Flour a pastry-board thickly; roll on the pastry in an oval shape till it is half an inch thick. Mix the jam with 1 tablespoonful of sugar, and (if dry) a tablespoonful of water. Spread it evenly on the pastry, roll it up, and bake for an hour on a floured tin.

There is a great deal of art in packing a rolled pudding, so that the jam will not run out. Roll it up until there is only room for one turn more, then place the ends on the top of the roll. Put the flap of the pastry over them. Stick the edges together carefully, with a little water, and your jam will not be able to run out.

Be sure, before you begin to spread the jam, that the pastry has not stuck to the board (as this would make a hole when it was rolled). If it should have done so, mend the hole (before spreading the jam) by placing a small piece of pastry, wetted on one side, over it, and rolling it on till firm.

Many different kinds of rolled pudding can be made: jam, marmalade, raisins, or currants, with sugar—apples, cut as for a tart, and mixed with sugar, making a nice variety. Good jam can now be bought at fourpence per pound, the best kinds being usually gooseberry and plum.

Cost of Materials.

Potato Soup.—8 potatoes, 1d.; onions and parsley, 1d.; milk, etc., ½d.; stock, 0d. Total, 2½d.

Stewed Beef.—1 lb. leg of beef, 8d.; vegetables, 1½d.; fat, flour, etc., ½d.; Yorkshire relish, ½d. Total, 10½d.

Baked Jam Roll (and Dumplings).—1 lb. of flour, 2d.; 6 ozs. fat, 1½d.; sugar, etc., ½d.; jam, 3d. Total, 7d.

Totals.

Potato-soup, 2½d.; stewed beef, 10½d.; jam roll and dumplings, 7d.; bread, 2d.; potatoes, 2d. Total, 2s.—To dine six persons, average 4d. each.

I. L. Richmond.

IN THE GREEN FIELDS.

A Story for the Young.

BY MARGARET SCOTT HAYCRAFT.

Rosie Langdon was a chatterbox—truth compels us to admit the fact. "Rosie Langdon is talking," was heard several times during the progress of studies in the village school, and, though the little lassie was more subdued when she listened to the "old, old story" in her class on Sundays, she liked right well the music of her own little tongue—better than teacher or even father liked it sometimes.

But there was one from whom the little maid feared no rebuke, and to whom, best of all, she loved to outpour her thoughts and feelings. "Mother" had given three little children up to Him who loves them, to swell the praises of the shining heavenly throng; and when she remembered those dearly-loved voices, for ever stilled on earth, she had not the heart to echo the frequent cry she heard from neighbouring cottages—"Do be quiet, child!" "Hold your tongue now, do, or I will make you!"

One beautiful spring evening, when all the work was over, and the peaceful face of Nature seemed to tell of the nearing Sabbath, Rosie went out with "mother," to help her carry home her parcels from the shops; and as they passed along the pleasant meadow-paths, and the little maid prattled away of a thousand things, she suddenly caught sight of a party of boys and girls gathering palms for Palm Sunday, wherewith to adorn the old village church.

"Oh, mother, that puts me in mind of my favourite hymn—

> 'Children of Jerusalem
> Sang the praise of Jesu's name.'

Do you see, mother, they are gathering palms? Our lesson last Sunday was all about that; we read about Jesus Christ, mother, when He rode into Jerusalem, and when the children cried 'Hosanna,' and they strewed palm branches in His way. Why didn't they strew roses, mother? why did the people throw down palms?"

"Well, Rosie," said Mrs. Langdon, who never scolded the wee lassie for "asking so many questions," but sometimes had honestly to confess, "I do not know," in reply to her daughter's queries, "well, Rosie dear, the palm was a symbol of victory, of triumph, I heard our rector say; and as our Lord was riding into Jerusalem as Israel's King, it was fitting this sign of joy and triumph should be present."

"The angels wave their palms, don't they, mother? I wonder if little brother has a palm up in heaven now."

"The angels in heaven, my darling, sing songs of victory for ever; dear little Ben is conqueror there over sorrow, danger, and death. The Lord has given him all, I know, that means gladness and victory."

"Well, mother dear, I think it would have been much nicer if the people had given Jesus roses, and lilies, and violets, and pansies, and nasturtiums, like my climbing ones. If *I* had been there I should have brought Him flowers—oh, such lovely ones."

"Well, dear, you can bring Him flowers still; whenever you give a posy to lame Dick, or to poor old Mrs. Downing, or the sick children in the Seven Fields, you are bringing flowers to Jesus; for what is done for His is done for Him."

"I like to think of that," said Rosie; "I shan't be so stingy as I have been with my violets. Old Mrs. Downing does love them so. Mother, did Mr. Feilden say any more when he preached about the palm?"

"I cannot remember half, my dear; I never had the chance of being a scholar like you. My little girl ought to

GATHERING PALMS FOR PALM SUNDAY.

be far *better* than her mother, for the schooling they give nowadays will make her ten times *wiser*. But I can remember that the rector said the palm was a sign to the Jews of a good many things; why, in that glorious temple of old the walls were carved over with *palms*, and he reminded us that those palms in the East could teach us many a lesson. How silently, how quietly, how grandly they grew, looking up to heaven; and what fruit they bore. He said of all trees it was one of the most useful—and so should God's people be, dear, not making too much noise about their service, but just growing heavenward, and bearing fruit."

"Our palms are not the same sort of tree, are they?" asked Rosie, rather wishing to turn the conversation, for she *did* make rather a noise about it when she was extra good. "Ours are more like willows, mother."

"Yes, dear; but there is not a tree or flower on earth that cannot teach us some sweet, good lesson, if we open our hearts to learn. They all say 'The King of Love has made us.' What would earth look like without the trees, the grass, the flowers?"

"Yes, it *is* good of Jesus to give us such pretty things," said Rosie, looking round on the fresh greenery of the hedges. "I do love spring, mother, but I love Jesus better; I only

wish I had been one of the children in that crowd that threw down the palms. I would have got so near to Him—nobody should have pressed me away; and I would have given Him the best bit of palm I could find. I should like to have got just one smile from Jesus—all for *me*, mother."

"Well, pet, you can feel that Jesus smiles on you—even *you*—every day. If my child loves Him, and tries to please Him, He will bless her as He blessed the children who strewed the palms."

"Yes, but I'd like to have given Him something—to have held it right up for Him to see."

"Then give something to one of His children, darling; it is just the same as a gift to Jesus."

Rosie thought of these words a few days later, when she came upon little Lucy Dean, weeping bitterly near those very willows. Lucy was a plain little thing, very poor, very shy, and Rosie knew nothing of her, except that her father was ill and out of work; but she went up to her now, and tried to comfort her.

"Oh, I'm just *miserable*," said the mite; "I've been and lost my ticket for the Easter treat, and so many tickets were lost last year, teacher said she would not give another if we dropped them. And there's to be cake out in the Squire's fields, and gingerbread horses, and toffee." And the child wept afresh.

"She ought to have been more careful," thought Rosie. "I am sure I am not going to give up *my* ticket."

She walked home very quietly, and that night, when she had said her prayers, she asked—

"Mother, Lucy Dean does not get half the good things *I* have. May I give her my ticket for the treat?"

"And stay at home? you would fret, Rosie dear. Remember the Punch and Judy."

"Yes; I would love to see that. But, mother, I *won't* fret. I've—I've never given Jesus before something I really wanted. Mother, let me—I do want to."

Mrs. Langdon kissed her silently, and the next morning Rosie pressed her treat-ticket into Lucy's hand. Little Lucy did know it was Rosie's own—it said "*Admit One*"—and her thanks were few, though her face began to shine. But in the little lassie's heart there was a feeling that she *had* pressed, with her offering, near to Jesus, who "pleased not Himself."

The treat-day came, and Rosie bravely put on her little iron to heat, and determined to help mother, instead of fretting for the glory of the Squire's private grounds. She was just about to operate on her doll's cotton dress, when her own dear teacher came by in the pony-chaise, and bade her get on her hat and drive with her to the Squire's.

"Lucy Dean told me you gave her your ticket, Rosie."

"Yes," faltered Rosie. "Her teacher will not give another if one is lost, and she never gets a good time."

"Well, little Rosie, and I have no tickets left, but I think I can smuggle you in somehow. I don't fancy they will say 'No' if I ask admission for you. Get ready, and climb up beside me."

How Rosie flew for her pretty grey dress and straw hat!

"Oh, mother, mother, and I shall see Punch and Judy. Oh, I never felt so happy in my life. How good, how good God is! Mother, I *really* did not fret when I gave up the treat for Him."

"No, pet, but He loves you so dearly He has taken care you should go. Be sure of this, my darling, no heart has ever laid anything at the feet of the Lord, but what He has blessed and repaid them a hundred, a *thousand-fold*."

GIRLS.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

IV.—Sister and Brother.

The small school-girl is not the only child in the family. She has companions at home as well as at school.

One of the chief elements which make her home so secure, so full of wholesome vigour and brightness, is the presence of her brother. There may be more than one—the more the better if, as we humbly believe, where God sends mouths He sends food to fill them. Evil and want come, as a rule, where God's laws are neglected. Men and women are presumptuous and will not work hard, save carefully, and practise in a general sense the honourable forethought and self-denial which raises human beings far above the lower animals, even those gifted with the finest instincts. There may be as many brothers as a little girl of our acquaintance could boast, when she was wont to find greeting her at the railway station on her return from school for the holidays, seven grown-up men—her father and her six big brothers, forming a guard of honour round her. But even when there are many brothers there is generally one who stands out from the rest. He is her chosen champion and hero, while she is pledged to him as his future clever little housekeeper, companion, and nurse. In those innocent days neither dreams that there can ever be another, who will come between and usurp the first place in the regard of the boy and girl, become man and woman.

There is this essential difference between the father and mother, on the one hand, and the brother and sister, on the other, that the younger generation are on the same level, contemporaries fit to exchange experiences and confidences, and, for that very reason, to sympathise fully with each other and help each other wittingly or unwittingly, by being familiar friends, in a manner that no two persons belonging to different generations, however much to each other, in a different sense, can possibly hope to be. There is a free-masonry of youth, a similarity of years, which nothing else will supply.

When the breeze of a joyous dawn blows free is one stage of the world's history; when the night wind is softly sighing is another. The two periods, though they may lovingly touch, will never really and thoroughly amalgamate. It is one of the trials of mature life to recognise that it is so, and that only unselfish affection can effectually bridge over the severance.

To the sister the brother's feats in his school form and in his cricket-field are unsurpassable and unapproachable. There never was so clever a boy, so light of foot, so skilled of hand. To the brother the sister is the daintiest, deftest, most winning little fairy. No other boy's sister was ever so pretty and nice, so quick at hemming sails for his ships and helping him to string tails to his kites, and make boxes for his white mice, so kind and gay.

Nor does it matter very much though the sister and brother have to struggle against motes in their sun, and flaws in their masterpiece. If poor dear Harry is constantly being kept in school, or getting "impositions" to work off, it is the cruel master's fault. Or if Harry is too manly and just to permit this easy explanation, it is because books are stupid. If Harry is bowled out at cricket, if his fielding is pronounced execrable by judges, if the awkward youth catches a crab in any boat which has the misfortune to own him as a member of its crew, then straightway the glory departs from the cricket-field and the boat course so far as the devoted sister has to do with it. There are better things than cricket, and Harry is a half-fledged botanist, an embryo ornithologist, and will one day distinguish himself in natural history. As for boating, it is all very well for muscular giants with their might in their thews and sinews, but when will the giants draw, or mould in clay, or carve in wood, like the stripling Harry?

Harry, for his part, is not without a reluctant perception that Kitty's nose is neither Grecian nor Roman, nor aquiline. Her freckles are not, strictly speaking, becoming. She has a genius for crumpling, staining, and tearing her frocks, and for "walking over" her boots. Her spelling goes to his heart. Her music sets his teeth on edge. She never tries to help him with the arrangement of his coins or his foreign stamps, or his strings of birds'-eggs, without mislaying, or mixing up, or breaking some of his valuable property. Yet Kitty is "jolly," for all that. Who cares for her nose, and her freckles, when she has such a pleasant smile and bright glance? Her spelling and music will both come right in time. If she works mischief among his treasures, it is his own carelessness in not looking after her, and poor dear Kitty is so sorry and so anxious to do better on the next occasion.

The true love between a little brother and sister is, as a rule, protective on his side, dependent on hers. But now and then the conditions are curiously reversed when the woman-child is, from some cause, too often a sad one, precociously wise and gentle. In this case she assumes the rôle of little mother to the thoughtless or weak boy whose follies and scrapes are for ever taxing her patience and indulgence. In either light the relation is very sweet and sacred for older, farther-seeing, yet sometimes blinder eyes to watch wistfully. And when years pass, and the tie may be broken—though there is none more likely to last in one shape or another—and exist but in memory, no recollection lingers longer, is so full of tender pathos, or perhaps has more abiding results. Next to the blessing of a good father and mother, no better fortune can befall a girl and boy than to be an attached sister and brother from the very beginning. That boy will always have a better opinion of women, will occupy towards them a more generous and disinterested position, will think more of them, and less of himself, will be more ready to help and comfort them—asking nothing in return, because of the girl pet and play-fellow, the faithful companion—it may be, the gracious counsellor of his boyhood and youth. That girl will be more of a friend to men in general, and to boys in particular, will understand them better, distinguish more clearly both their good and bad points—with a friendly leaning to the good, will work better with men, if such be her mission, or if her lot be to wait upon them, will do it with greater faith, fearlessness, and affection, because of the boy brother, in close alliance with whom the happiest hours of her early years were spent.

The question with parents and guardians ought to be how to promote this natural form of family regard; for although it is natural, we need not say it is not universal. There are brothers, only brothers in name, to whom sisters are no better than strangers, or merely drags and encumbrances. There are sisters as selfish and hard as the brothers. Let boys feel that they are their sisters' guardians and protectors, whether the sisters are older or younger than the brothers, and the chivalrous spirit will be roused in the boy, which will constitute him one of nature's gentlemen, and end by making a man of him—never more so than when his strength is enlisted in the service of the weak. Don't be frightened to trust such a boy with a little child, even a baby. We have seen a boy of eleven, not a pattern boy in all respects, carry about a child-sister of two years, till his strong young arms ached with the burden, and only relinquish it for a breathing space and "a good stretch," then resume it with cheerful, proud alacrity, and bear it for the rest of the afternoon, instead of following his own truant inclinations, for no reason, except that the sickly little one preferred him to all the other nurses, whose good offices she haughtily declined.

We have been told of a little boy of six, to whose care a tinier sister of four was consigned during the night, while she was suffering from hooping-cough, because the same epidemic had attacked other children in the family, and one of them was in a state of suffering and danger which engrossed the chief care of mother and nurse. The dear little lad had himself escaped the complaint which caused his small sister one or more fits of coughing and crowing every night. When the attack came on, the boy started wide awake from his sound sleep, lifted up his sister with as much care and kindness as an old woman could have done, and held her in his arms till the fit of coughing subsided. These two children were dear friends then and always. The little lad, when a man, not only came well to the front in a dangerous profession; he continued the most untiring of nurses to his kindred in sickness.

We have known of girls who learned their brothers' lessons and played their brothers' games, giving up the girls' cherished pursuits, in order that the little maids might the better aid and encourage their brothers. And always as the boys and girls worked and played together, the girls' weakness was strengthened and the boys' roughness softened. When a sacrifice had to be made that the boys might prosper better in the world, the girls cheerfully made it, without a rebellious word or thought; sometimes they worked on with their brothers, continually sinking the individuality of the weaker in that of the stronger, like Caroline Herschel and Dorothy Wordsworth. Sometimes the girls silently withdrew from the arena, that the brothers might the more certainly go forth to gather the laurels, like Nanneri Mozart.

Let the habit of bullying and teasing their sisters, which seems instinctive with some boys, while with others it appears no worse than a bad habit, acquired from mean examples, be as firmly and uniformly discouraged as possible. Put down decidedly in the girls an equally injurious practice of domineering and dictating—above all, when the girl is the elder, of indulging in miniature priggishness, being fault-finding and disobliging, or irksomely and peevishly precise, and engrossed with her own narrow round of tasks and amusements. Avoid showing favouritism—a silly and unfair weakness, which is well-nigh criminal in parents, and produces an abundant crop of heart-burning, jealousy and warfare.

Discourage tale-telling, a fruitful source of strife and alienation in a family, while at the same time decline to lend any countenance to the foolish school-boy and school-girl code of honour. If it is imported into the home circle it causes the father and mother to be treated by the children after the fashion in which school-boys and school-girls, according to the traditions of generations, have treated school-masters and school-mistresses, as practically the natural enemies of the juvenile world over which they rule. In this false light it is considered disloyal of child or scholar to the other children or the other scholars, to bring any misdemeanour, however glaring, to light, or to range himself or herself on the side of duty and authority sooner than betray the best interests of both seniors and juniors. We have already condemned the distorted and exaggerated school-boy and school-girl code; we need hardly add that, introduced into the family, it is fatal to the warm-hearted respect and confidence, the honest candour and straightforward integrity with which children should act towards their parents.

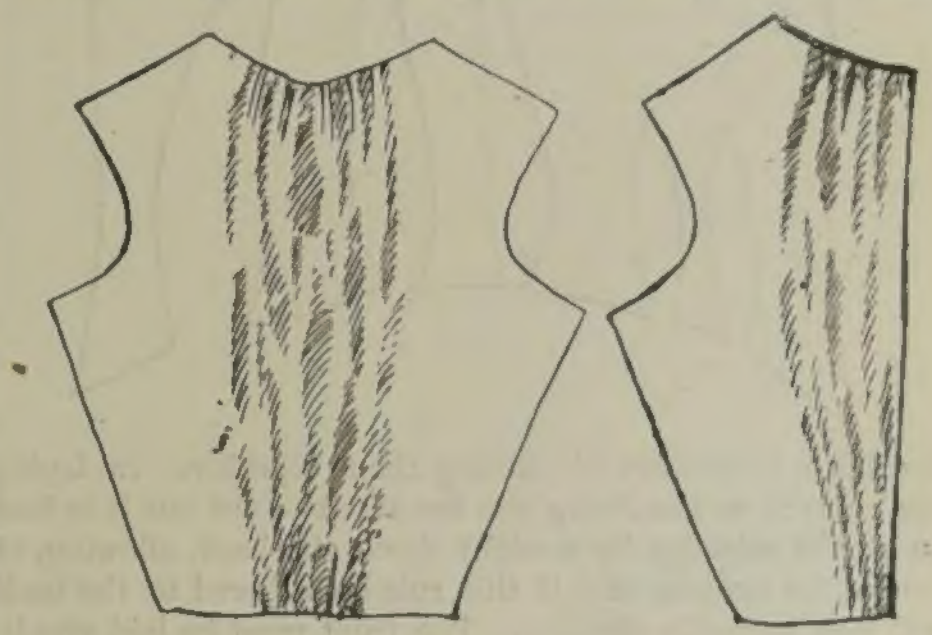
But if the happy medium can be attained, which forbids the complacent mischief-making repetition of petty childish errors, while it warrants the shame-faced sorrowful representation of grave breaches of household law and discipline, the chances of solid peace and enduring union are, with God's blessing, increased a hundredfold.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

In April summer seems very near indeed, for the days are getting long, and the birds sing, the trees seem to get greener every day, and you may almost hear the grass grow. There may be a dry east wind, or a good many drenching showers that make it necessary to stick to the waterproof and goloshes, and the warm gown, but nevertheless all nature looks fresh, and it seems time to prepare the cotton dresses that are perfection for summer wear.

The prints with white grounds and small patterns sprinkled over them, are pretty much out of date, and in these days we have zephyrs, which our grandmothers would have called ginghams, sateens and tussores, all very useful in their way, and though capable of being washed, not requiring it half so often as the old-fashioned cottons.

The first thing to be considered in making a dress of this description is the probability of its having to go through the wash-tub, and to this end it must be made with almost the exactness and nicety of body linen. Twelve or thirteen yards is an ample allowance of zephyr, and that it may be cool, comfortable, and capable of looking as good as new after being washed, the skirt should be made without a foundation. Selvedges should be run together, and are then done with, but the gored widths must be overcast after being run, so as to prevent ravelling out. The widths should be cut long enough to allow of the hem round the bottom being made of the material instead of faced up with a lining, and if there are any flounces they should be hemmed, and a cord run in the upper edge by which they may be set on. The skirt should be set into the band in gathers, not in pleats, because the point of an iron can be pressed up inside into the gathers, and they always look well, but pleats must be ironed on the outside, and look more or less clumsy, and too often grimy. It is a very nice plan to make a dress of this kind with a full unlined banded bodice. Sew the skirt on to the band, and make the drapery quite separate sewn into another band, which is put on afterwards, both being concealed under the belt or waist ribbon. Our sketch shows the shape of a very easily made bodice, with no seams,



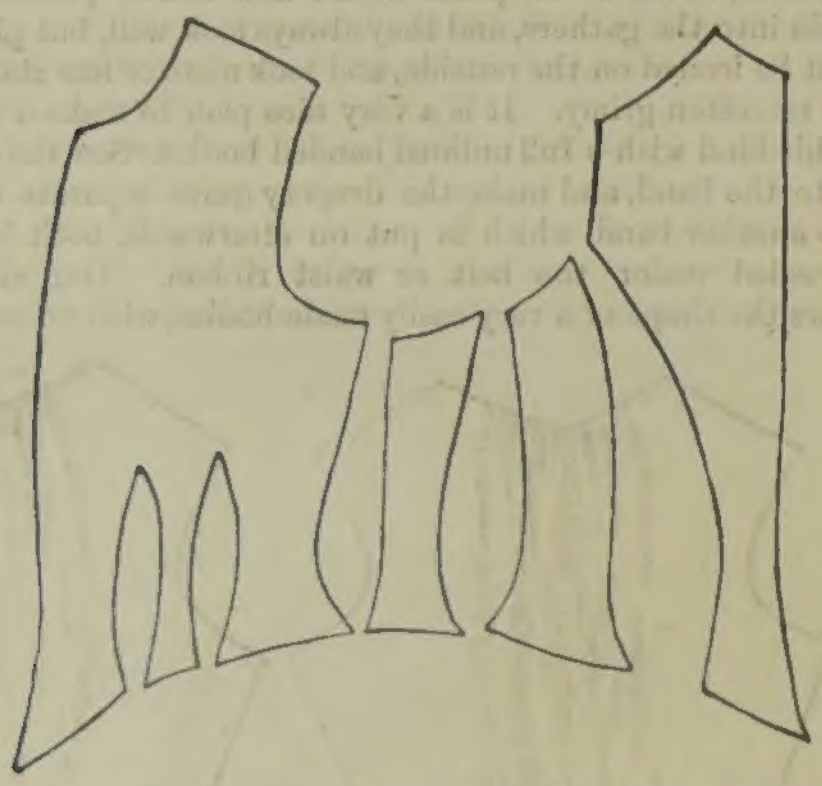
except on the shoulders and under the arms. Fulness must be allowed both at back and front, and gathered into the waist and neck, or after the waist gathers are drawn into the proper size the pattern can be laid on, and the neck and shoulder seams cut quite plain. This is becoming to most figures.

The neatest way of doing the sleeve and bodice seams of an unlined cotton, muslin, or zephyr, is to run the two raw edges together on the *right* side, then turn over and run or stitch them again on the *wrong* side. This is a strong as well as a perfectly neat seam, and it allows the front side of the shoulder seam to be slightly eased, which makes it set very much better than if held severely straight. Small buttons and buttonholes are the best fastenings for a washing dress, as hooks and loops often get out of order, and the hooks catch in the iron, and tear out a piece of the stuff.

Quite pretty drapery may be made by joining two or three plain straight widths of the material together and hemming it all round. This, when finished, should be about forty-two inches deep and fifty-four wide, or thereabouts, according to the width of the stuff. In the exact middle of each pleat run up about thirteen inches double, so that the seam is six and a half inches long. Do this on the inside so that it forms a little bag, and gather the intervening spaces. In setting on to the band let the points of these little bags hang outwards, and arrange that the middle one comes exactly in the middle of the back. This is very easily ironed.

Tussore silks are very nice for best summer dresses; three pieces or squares equivalent to eight yards each will divide admirably for two sisters, and the cost will be about fifteen shillings for each dress. Mauresque lace matching the silk in tint is the most suitable trimming, and tussore buttons are always to be bought in a good shop. The silk washes like a rag, and is sure to be serviceable in one way or another as long as there is a bit of it left.

In making a lined bodice of a gown that is not intended to be washed it is desirable to obtain a good fit, which gives easy play to every part of the figure, without tightness on the one hand or bagginess on the other. Our second diagram shows the various parts of a bodice, and beginners want a



few hints in the art of putting them together. In laying the pattern on the lining you are about to cut out it is best to let the selvedge be straight down the back, allowing, of course, for turning in. If this rule be adhered to the back will look perfectly straight. The front must be laid evenly the straight way of the stuff, but as the line is curved from throat to waist the selvedge is not of much service. In sewing begin at the top of the breast gore nearest the front, do half a dozen stitches quite evenly, and then hold the edge nearest to you quite tightly, and let the other be somewhat loose. Stitch the second gore in the same way, but let the edge nearest the arm be the one held in tightly. In joining the back begin at the top, taking care that both sides are placed quite evenly, and begin also at the top of the side seams. In doing the seams under the arms, hold the side that belongs to the front of the bodice in tightly, and last of all join the shoulders, holding the front part in much tighter than the back for two inches or so about the middle of the seam. Now, try on the bodice for the last time, for we will suppose that it has had a preliminary tacking and trying on. After making any alterations required, open each seam, and press it with a warm iron, then overcast both sides neatly, and run the neck band on evenly so that the raw edges may be inside. Press this seam also, and fell the inner part of the band down over it.

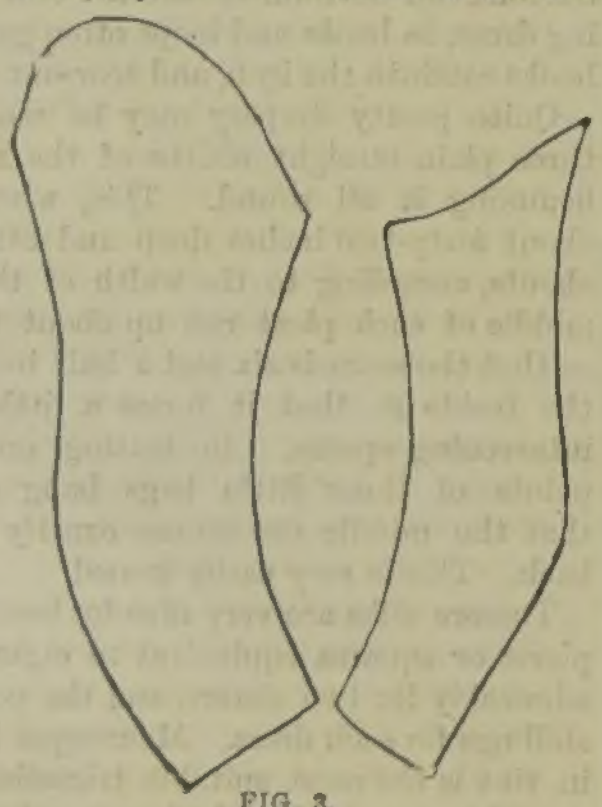


FIG. 3.

If your bodice is to have the skirt band put over it, run a crossway strip of lining round the basque, and hem it lightly down, but if you are making a jacket, face it very neatly with a deeper piece of the material, unless you happen to have by you a piece of silk, old or new, that will answer the purpose. All the lower seams must be boned, and the bones can be bought ready cased, and only needing to be sewn to the turnings, so that not a stitch goes through to the right side. The fronts are best not stitched, but only turned in and tacked down; the buttonholes will secure one side, and the buttons the other, but a firm piece of tape should be tacked exactly under the line of buttons, so as to give additional strength to sew them to. The central front whalebone must be in the under side in front of the buttons. As sleeves (No. 3) are no longer corded, it is a good plan when stitching them in to stitch also a piece of thin sarcenet ribbon, about half an inch wide, and after trimming the seam with the scissors, to hem the other edge of the ribbon down over it. This adds strength, and gives finish and a workmanlike appearance.

Wisdom.

THERE are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God.—*F. W. Faber.*

LITTLE duties are golden pins to fasten the mantle of God's love securely about us.—*New York Observer.*

CHARACTER is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well as strong to think.—*Emerson.*

RELIGION is the most gentlemanly thing of the world. It alone will gentilise, if unmixed with cant.—*Coleridge*

No fountain is so small but that heaven may be imaged in its bosom.—*Hawthorne.*

I HAVE been benefited by praying for others; for by making an errand to God for them I have gotten something for myself.—*Rutherford.*

Wit.

A WOMAN can carry parcels enough into a horse-car to fill up one side of it, and pick them all up in one arm when she gets off at a crossing, and lead a pair of twins, carry an umbrella, and hold up her skirts with the other hand. A man would be certain to lose the twins.

LITTLE BESS (who is so much accustomed to seeing baby creep that she thinks it is his natural mode of travelling): "Oh, mamma, come, quick! Baby is standing on his hind legs."

LANDLADY to new servant: "I hope, in cleaning the rooms, Martha, you always take care to sweep under the bed." Martha: "Yaas, indeed, ma'am, I allus do; 'cause, yo' see, it's much easier than c'lectin' de dirt wid a dustpan."

HE had been out for a day's fishing; and as he proudly displayed the contents of his basket to his wife, she exclaimed, "Oh, John, aren't they beauties? But I've been so anxious for the last hour, dear!" "Foolish little one!" said John, caressingly; "why, what could have happened to me!" "Oh, I didn't worry about you, love. But it grew so late I was afraid before you got back to town the fish-markets would all be closed."

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